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Kathrina Allen
Bernard
from her dear godmother
Agnes Lowe.

Perleing
Dec^r. 1859.

CHILD'S
FIRST TALES:

CHIEFLY IN

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

For the use of Infant Schools

AND

LITTLE CHILDREN IN GENERAL.

VOL. II.

BY THE

REV. W. CARUS WILSON, M.A.,
RECTOR OF WHITTINGTON.

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GILDS
FIRST TABLE

1847

WOMEN OF THE GILDS

For the use of the Gilds

1847

LITTLE CHILDREN IN GILDS

VOL. II.

OF THE

MRS. W. L. WILSON, M.A.

Author of "The Gilds"

1847

W. L. WILSON, AND CO.

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1847

W. L. WILSON, AND CO.

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CHILD'S FIRST TALES.



No. 1.—The Doves.

Now, these doves teach you, my dears, how you should live. See how they love each other! So strong is their love, that if one dies, its mate can-not stand it, but pines and droops, and will not eat, and soon dies too.

How nice it is to see dear boys and girls live in love. God loves those who dwell in love. They are like God, for God is love. And all who die and go to God, live in that sweet place where all is love.

Pray then for God's grace to fill you with love. Pray for a new heart. And God will hear, and give you what you ask for.



No. 2.—The poor black man.

Pray be kind to poor black man. Me have no friend. Me have no home. Me not eat all the day long. White men stole me from my dear home, and took me to far land to be a slave. Me work hard there, and then get to this nice land, where me be free. But friends dead, no one care for poor black man; and me go all the day long to beg for food. Pray give to poor black man.

So he went on for some time, and it was not in vain. The kind la-dy did not turn from him with a hard heart. She gave him some pence. And she told him to look to Christ as his friend, and to that blest world, where there is no more pain, no more sin. I do not know that the poor black man knew much of these things: but it might please God to bless what was said to him.



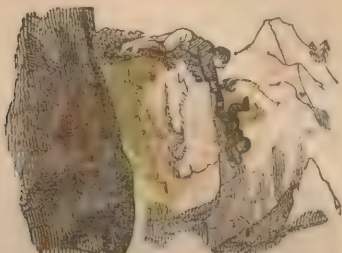
No. 3.—The Funeral.

There they take, with a slow, sad pace, a corpse to its long home. Some one has died, and must now be laid in the cold, dark grave. But you know, the soul, which is that part of us which feels and thinks, does not die and go to the grave. It is the flesh which dies, and turns to dust in the church yard. But the soul can not die. It will live as long as God lives; that is for e-ver. You need not fear the grave, if the soul is but safe and fit to go to a good place. And then the day will come, when the flesh shall rise from the grave, and join the soul once more, and both shall dwell with Christ as one new man, made quite good, and full of peace and joy. There is no sting in death to those who love and serve Christ. Nor can the grave hurt them. The keys of hell and death are in the hands of Christ; and all pow-er is in his hands. He knows them that are his, and he will keep them while they live, and when they die.



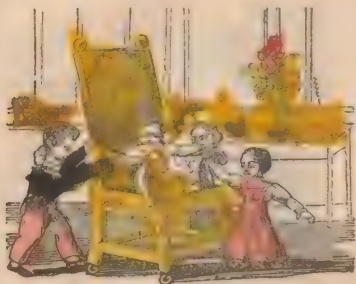
No. 4.—Child and Kettle.

Ann Smith had left the house for a short time. She told her child Jane to be sure to keep from the fire, and to be still, till she came back. But Jane did not do as she was bid. She thought there would be no harm if she went to the fire. Now Ann Smith had just put the ket-tle off the fire as she went out. And what do you think Jane did? She went to the ket-tle, took it in her hands, put the spout in her mouth, and did drink. Oh! it was so hot! It did scald poor Jane's mouth and throat so bad; and when Ann Smith came back, she heard her child's screams, and could not think what was to do. Now Jane was so ill burnt, that they thought she would die, and she kept in her bed for some weeks. I hope it will be a check to her, and teach her to do as she is bid.



No. 5.—*Birds' Nests.*

Do you see those two boys? It is Will Vince and Jack North. I grieve to say they were bad boys. They did not do as their friends bid them. They did not like school, or to learn what would do them good. And one day in the spring, they left their school, and went to rob birds' nests. Now they came to some high, steep rocks. They saw some birds fly far down, and they were sure that there would be some nests. But they could not climb down, it was so steep. — So Jack told Will to hold him fast by his heels, and let him down to the nests. He did so, and I am sure Will did his best to keep tight hold, but the weight was too much for him, and down they both went! Now you will long to know what came to them. Sad to say, they both died on the spot. For it was a great long way that they fell. How sad to die in such a way and in such a state: for I am sure boys who do not do as they are bid, will not be in a fit state to die.

No. 6.—*The Baby.*

These dear chil-dren thought they would give a nice treat to their ba-by bro-ther. So they got the arm chair, and put him in, and gave him a ride round the room. Ba-by did like it so much, and he did laugh and crow so loud. I know who did tire first. As for ba-by, he did pout and cry if they did not go on. At last, all their strength was gone, and they could drag him no more. Not that such a ti-ny ba-by was a great weight; but still the ba-by and the chair too was a weight for such young folks to drag, and they could not go on so long as he did wish them to do.

How nice it is to see chil-dren try to please each c-ther. Which is best? To please, or to plague? I think you know.



No. 7.—The Snake.

I have a strange tale to tell you now. One hot day, Jane and Ann Moor thought they would have a nice play out of doors. So they got a stool, and they got a bowl, and they made a feast. But who do you think thought fit to come to be their guest? It was not an old friend who came; but it was a long snake! They did not live where you and I live, but in a far off land, where there are all kinds of snakes and wild beasts. So this bold snake came up to their stool, and put its head up, and did look in-to the bowl. Poor things! they did not know how near they were to death. But if this snake had bit them, I think they would have died. But they kept quite still, and did not touch it; and so it went back to its home, and did not hurt them.



No. 8.—The Church yard.

Poor man! His wife died a few days since, and he is come to see her grave. Oh! what sad work death makes in the world. First this friend dies, and then that friend; and you know all must some time die. I think if I had laid a dear friend in the grave, I should wish to go there, and sit, and cry. And yet what good would this do? The soul is not there. The soul is up in the sky. I think if my dear lost friend could see me from the sky, he would smile, and say,—“Why do you go there and weep? You know I am not in the dark grave. I am up in the sky with God and Christ, where all is light, and peace, and joy, and love.”

Yet, it is good to go to the church yard, that we may think how soon we must die. Yes, young and old, rich and poor, high and low,—all must die. May God make us fit to die in peace and hope!



No. 9.—Bad Girls.

Oh! fie, fie, bad girls. How sad it is to see you fight? What is to do? See, you have thrown the chair down; and then that poor child goes next, and who knows but you may kill her? If she falls with the back of her head on the chair, I dare say she will be so much hurt that she will die. And then what will you say, and what will you think? I think, that as long as you live, you will have no peace of mind. Friends may be kind, and you may have a nice house to live in, and good clothes to wear, and food to eat; but oh! it will all be in vain. The thought that you did kill a poor child in your rage, will make you to spend all your life long as a poor sad wretch who knows no peace.

My child, pray for a heart full of love. Then, if one is not kind to you, you will not get cross and rough. You will be still.



No. 10.—The Church.

The great God dwells in the sky, and he dwells in all the earth at the same time. There is no place where he is not: and there is no place where he will not be found of those who seek him. But it is his will that we should build him a house here on earth; and that house we call a church. There he comes to meet those who look to him with their whole hearts. You should go then to church, full of hope that the great God will meet you there to bless you and to do you good. You should pray to Him in faith, and beg that he will fill you with his grace.

And how it should fill you with awe, to think that God is in this place! Not a great man, a king of this world, but the King of kings, and Lord of lords. How you should fear to think one thought, or to speak one word that he would not like.



No. 11.—The Great House.

Here is a fine house, I am sure. Once a great and brave man did live there. In those times of old, all was not peace in this land as it is now; but there were wars, and no one could live in peace and rest. A great house like this had to be made safe from the foe. So there were guns on the walls, and a ditch all round, full of wa-ter, and a bridge which they could draw up at night, so that no one could pass o-ver. Oh! how glad we should be that we do not live in these sad times.

Well, this brave man, of whom I speak, went out to a far place to fight for his king. And there he was slain by the foe. But his bo-dy was brought home; and it lies in the church, near this great house. There is a large stone fi-gure of him on the grave.

But now we can sit in our homes in peace, and no one makes us to fear. How kind is God to us!



No. 12.—*The Lost Sheep.*

You will not know what this means, but I will soon tell you. You know, on the moors there are large flocks of sheep. They count them each day, to see that none are lost. Well, one day there was one they could not find. So they set off this way and that way, and at last, they saw that it had got down some steep rocks, and could not get back to the flock. What was to be done? They could not bear the thought that it should die there; and yet, die it must, if left. So at last they took a rope, and tied a pole at the end. They then put a man on this pole, and let him down to this poor sheep. They held the rope fast in their hands at the top. And when he got the sheep, he put it on his knee, and the men at the top did drag the man and the sheep up safe.

I know one good Shep-herd who did give his life for the lost sheep. Do not you too?

Yes, it was Jesus. How you should love him! For you were like this lost sheep.



No. 13.—The Whale.

This great fish they call a whale. It is so great, that men, you see, stand on its back. They have caught it in the sea. It is now quite dead. You see a man on its back with an axe in his hand. It is to cut it up. They do not eat the flesh of the whale; but they cut it up for the sake of the oil which they get out of it. And you know what we do with oil. We put it in lamps to burn.

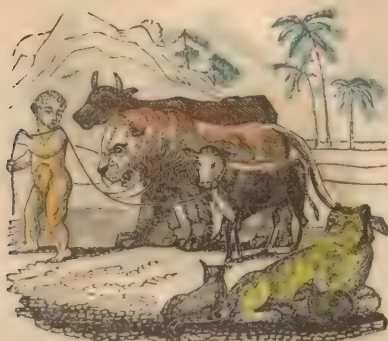
I dare say you could tell me of a man of whom we read in God's book, who was thrown out of a ship, and a whale caught him, and he was three days in the whale's bel-ly. It was Jonah, you know.



No. 14.—The Well.

You know what a well is, do you not? It is a deep hole, dug in the ground. They dig down till they come to wa-ter; and then they wall the sides round, that they may not fall in. A rope is then let down, with a buc-ket at the end, which they wind up on a wheel, full of wa-ter.

Once Christ sat on the side of a well. He was quite faint with his long walk and with thirst. There came one out of the town to draw wa-ter. Je-sus said to her, "Give me to drink." But when she found who it was that spake to her, she set her pot down, and went back to the town, and told her friends to come and see him. They were so glad to see him, that they did ask him to stop with them. And he staid two days.



No. 15.—Days of Peace.

You could not see all these walk in such love and peace in these days in which we live. There is a fierce li-on, and he would soon eat up the poor dear child, yes, and the calf, and the cow too. Nor would those nice lambs be safe with that fierce ti-ger.

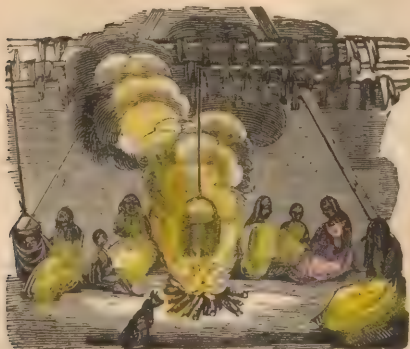
But we read, in God's word, that the days will come, when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the calf, and the young li-on, and a lit-tle child shall feed them.

These days will be the days of peace, and love, and rest with men, as well as with the beasts of the earth. I do not know if you or I shall live to see those bright days; but some will see them. Oh! that they may soon come. Oh! that war, and strife, and sin may soon cease! "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in hea-ven."



No 16.—*The Eagle.*

See that fierce bird, it has caught a poor hare. The hare runs fast, but it could not get out of its way. They call the bird an eagle. Oh! it is such a strong, fierce bird. It kills poor puss, and then it will take her in its claws up to the high rocks, where it has its nest, and give it to its young ones. I heard a tale, not long since, of an eagle which went off with a child. The mother was in a hay-field, and had laid the child down to sleep in the hay. Then the bird came when she did not see, and off it flew with the poor child. When the mother found it out, she set off up the high rocks, and got to the nest in time to save her child. It was just dead, but it came round; and you may think with what joy she brought it home.



No. 17.—Black Man's Hut.

This is a queer place. It is the black man's house. It is not at all like the house you live in. You have the fire place at the end, in the wall: and the smoke goes up, and does not come in-to the room. But here you see it is not so. The fire is on the floor, and the smoke goes just where it likes. But they do not mind it: it is what they have had all their days: and I dare say they would not like a house like ours as well. I have not seen a black man's hut in a far off land; but I have seen just the same at the far end of Scot-land. I could not live in the smoke, with which I saw the huts full; but the men there do not care for it. Some told me, they thought it did them good.



No. 18.—*The Flowers.*

Pluck those flow-ers, my boy, if you like; and it is all right if it is out of love to your dear sis-ter, and to please her; but I like to see the flow-ers grow. They will soon die when you pluck them, and then there is an end of them; but if you do not pluck them, they may last a long time. 'The great God makes the flow-ers to grow. How kind it is in God to make the sweet flow-ers just to please us. He need not have done so. All might have been thorns and weeds. Our sins might well lead us to look for this.

But God does not deal with us as our sins might lead us to look for. Oh! no. How much he has made to please us. Ought we not then to love the great God, who is so kind and good to us?





No. 19.—*Man and Snake.*

See that poor man. He had had a long walk. He was quite spent and faint, and could walk no more. So he laid down on the grass to sleep. Ah! he did not know what would come to him. But a long, big snake, I do not know how long, came, and crept round him. It held him so fast, he could not stir. Then he woke from his sleep, but he could not move. And at last the snake did squeeze him to death. I have seen a snake of this kind. Once there was one brought in a show through the place where I live. And as my sick child could not go to see the snake, it was brought in to the room for her to see. It had not the strength, when kept up as it was here, that it has in its wild state. So it did no harm. It would put a hare in its mouth at once, and eat it up.



No. 20.—The Good Child.

Well, my dear, what do you want?

Please, ma-ma, I have done school, may I now go out and play?

Yes, my dear, put on your things, and go.

Now, Jane was a good girl; she had read well, and spelt well, and done her work well; so she went with a light heart. The day was fine, the sun was bright, the birds sang in the trees, and off Jane went to work in her gar-den. There she put in her seeds. She thought they would not come up, they were so long in the ground; but she learnt to wait; and in the end, her gar-den was full of nice, sweet flow-ers. Oh! she was so hap-py! But she would not have been so, if she had not been good at school. The birds might sing, the sun might shine, she might work in her gar-den; but her heart would have been sad all the time, if she had not been good at school.



No. 21.—The Shipwreck.

There has been a storm at sea. The wind blew strong. The waves rose high. What could they do on board the ship? They did what they could, and tried to save her, but it was all in vain. The ship struck on a rock, and down it went. Oh! the poor men, how they cried out for help. But most of them were lost in the sea. Only two or three got safe to land. There you see them climb up the rock. They do not know where they have got to. It may be a land where there is no food, and they will die for want of it. Or it may be a land where there are fierce men who will kill them. Poor men, do you not feel for them? When you sit in your house in a storm, near a nice fire, or lie in your warm bed, think of the ships at sea, and pray that God would keep them safe.



No. 22 — Boy and Dog.

I once heard a tale of a poor boy. He had left his home, and got a great way off. Night came on, and his friends could not think where he was gone. Now, the poor boy had lost his way. He did not know what to do. So he sat down, and cried; and he quite thought he should die, and no more see his dear friends and home. But his friends had a fine, wise kind of dog. Oh! such a nice dog! And they sent this dog off in search of the boy. They had to wait hours and hours, and thought it would all be in vain, and that they should see their poor boy no more; when at last in came the dog with the boy safe on his back! There he is. See how fast hold he takes, and how pleas-ed the dog looks. It seems to think that it had done a great thing. And so I am sure he has.

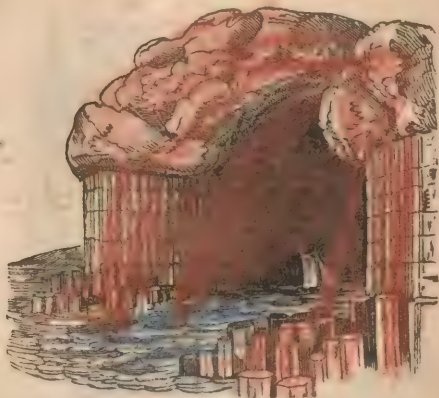


No. 23.—Father and Child.

Why does that poor man cry? Is he ill? No. Is he hurt? No. But his child has told a sad lie. And he must whip his child when he tells a lie. But it makes him so sad to whip his poor child. It hurts him far more than if a-ny one was to whip him. He loves his child, and he can not bear to give him pain. And yet he would not love his child, if he did not whip him. For it is so bad to tell lies. Oh! how God hates those who tell lies. You know where his book says they will go when they die.

Now, this good man does not wish his poor child to go to that bad place; so he must whip him, that he may learn to tell lies no more.

My child, think well before you speak. And set a watch on the door of your lips.



No. 24.—*The Cave.*

This is a cave. It goes a great way through the rocks. It is by the sea side. The sea runs in-to it. I once went to see this cave. Oh! it was so nice. We left the ship in which we went: and we got in-to a boat. And the boat took us in-to the cave. The sea was as clear as glass. And the cave so high. And the rocks on both sides like neat, well built walls. If the wind blows, and the sea is rough, you can not go in-to the cave.

Who is a God like un-to our God, who has done such great things in the earth? His works praise him. And we may well call on all that is with-in us to bless his ho-ly name.



No. 25.—*Samuel and Eli.*

We read of this in God's own Book. There is the old priest, whose name was E-li. And that dear child is Sa-mu-el. God did love Sa-mu-el, and did speak to him, and tell him what he would have him to do. Yes, though he was so young a child, God made known his will to him. And there he tells E-li all that God had said to him. He grew up to be a good man, and to love and fear God. All through life, God was his friend. He died at a good old age, in peace and hope.

May you, my dear child, now seek and serve the Lord, as Samuel did. Then his God will be your God. And when you die, you shall live with him, where all is peace, and joy, and love.



No. 26 — Marbles.

I think I know what that play is. 'The boys do play at mar-bles. See what fine fun they have! I think they have been at school all day, and have been good boys. And now they have leave to play. I hope they will not fall out in their play. It is nice to see boys live in love.

And there comes their good mas-ter. 'They do not run off when he comes to them. 'They need not fear. 'They do no wrong. Their mas-ter likes to see them play, when they do so as friends, and have been good at school. It is bad boys who may well run off and fear, when they see their mas-ter. I have seen the mas-ter some times play with his boys. You know it is said, All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.



No. 27.—Good Man.

A good man is come to read in the poor hut. John Spence and his wife Ann do not know how to read. They had no one to teach them when they were young. And they feel the loss now. But though they can not read, you know they have souls to save; and they much wish this kind friend to come and read to them, and tell them what they must do. And they like it so much, that they call in those who live near to come and hear. And see how grave they all look while the good man reads, and makes God's word plain to them.

Do you not think it is a nice sight? I dare say John and Ann Spence will like so much what they hear, that they will soon learn to read for them-selves. And they are not too old to learn. Where there is a will, there is a way.



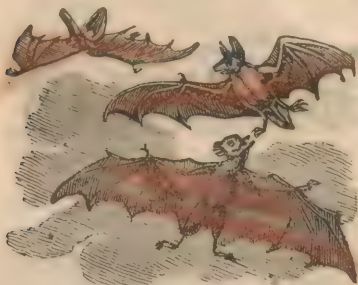
No. 28.—The Man among Thieves.

Once a poor man had a long way to go; and he was out late at night. And thieves came up to him, and pulled off his clothes, and took all that he had, and beat him, and hurt him so much, that he was half dead. Off they went; and there he lay, and thought he should die. Then day came; and men went that way, and saw him; but they did not care for him, but went on, and left him. At last one man, with a heart full of love, came; and he went up to him, and did dress his wounds, and give him clothes, and speak kind words to him.

Then he put him on his horse, and took him to an inn, and told the man there to take care of him, and when he came back he would pay him.

Was not this a friend? Such a friend is Jesus. He did not pass by us when he saw

us lie just dead with the wounds of sin; but he stopt to heal and save us.



No. 29.—The Bats.

These odd things are bats. 'They look like mice, and they look like birds. And they are part of both. Their wings make them like birds; and the rest of them is just like a mouse. You do not see bats fly a-bout in the day time. 'They can not bear the light of the sun. So they keep in their snug holes all the day, and come out at night.

I think a bad boy is like a bat. I will tell you why. He fears to come to the light, lest his bad deeds should be seen. He keeps in the dark. He does not wish to have it known what he does. God's Book calls him a child of the night, or a child of the dark. And this makes him like a bat.



No 30.—*The Shepherd.*

'There is a sheep with a lamb by its side. Poor lamb, I do not know how it will get on, for the snow is on the ground, and it is cold and wet for it. But its mother will take great care of it; and if the snow lies long on the ground, the shepherd will give the sheep hay to eat, and then she will not want milk for her lamb.

You must not think the dog will hurt the lamb or the sheep. It will do just as the shepherd bids. It knows his flock, and it would not hurt them.

You know who is our Shepherd? Jesus. All we like sheep have gone a-stray. We have gone in-to our own bad ways. Je-sus goes forth like the good Shepherd, to seek and to save us. He gives his life for the sheep. Oh! how he loves them! And should not we love him much too? Yes, I

am sure we should love him, and serve him with all our hearts.

Lord, may we not stray from thee. Do thou keep us all the day.



No. 31.—The Bridge.

There is a bridge. You know what great use a bridge is of? If there was no bridge, you could not cross the great stream. You might with a boat; but how would large carts do? And how could a coach cross? I do not think you would know how to build a bridge. No, my child, you have much to learn. But if you live to grow old, you will know how to make an arch of a bridge. You must make haste, and get to be a wise boy. I have known a great flood come, and wash a bridge down. And then they have to build it up.

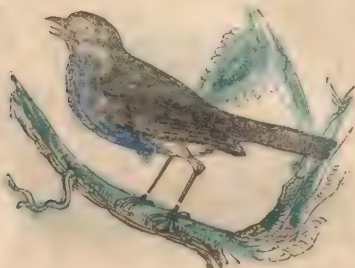


No. 32.—*Men in the Snow.*

Poor men, they have a sad walk. It will be well if they are not lost. I am glad they have their dogs with them. I dare say you will ask why. And I will tell you. If men or sheep get lost in the snow, these wise dogs can smell them out, and lead to the place where they may be found. Both men and sheep have lain under the snow for a long time, and have thus been found just in time to save their lives.

You who stay at home, and sit by a nice bright fire, do not know what comes to those who have to go long walks through the snow. I have known more than one poor man who have been quite lost in the snow.





No. 33.—The Bird.

Sweet bird, I love to hear thee sing. 'Thou dost not know where to get thy next meal, yet sing thou must. 'Thou dost not know where thou shalt lodge at night, yet sing thou must. The wind may blow, and the rain beat, yet sing thou must. The snow may fall and spoil thy nest, and seem to blast all thy hopes, yet sing thou must.

Sweet bird, I must learn from thee. Shall I not praise my God, and sing too? Yes, though I may be poor, and know not what will be my lot, I will sing and praise God. He is kind and good to me. I have far more than I have a right to look for. I have kind friends. I have a home to dwell in. I will sing, then, and give praise. Yes, to thee, O Lord will I sing. My voice shalt thou hear be-times, O Lord, in the morn.



No. 34.—*The Martyr.*

What can this mean? A boy tied to a log of wood; and a fire all round him. Oh! you will scarce think that what I have to tell you can be true. But long, long since, bad men in this land did so hate all good men, that they said, "If you will read God's Book, and walk in your own ways, we will put you to death." Now, good men did fear God more than man, and they would read his Book. So they were put in gaol, and then tied to the stake, and put to death. And we read of some dear boys who did not fear the threats of bad men. And they too would read God's Book. So, dear hearts, young as they were, they were burnt to death too. Oh! what hearts of stone those bad men must have had to do such things. These dear children hold up their hands,

and pray to God for the young mar-tyr. God hears; and he is kept in peace and joy while the fire burns him. Nought can hurt those who love and trust in God.



No. 35.—*The Swine's Husks.*

We read in God's word of a bad boy who left his home. He did not love to do as he was bid. He did not care for his kind friends; and off he went into a far land. There he did just what his bad heart told him. He got drunk, and was as bad as he could be. But soon he was in want. All was gone. He could buy no more food or drink. And no one would give to him, for they knew how bad he was. What could he now do? Do you know, he was glad to go and feed with the pigs. He knew he should die, if he did not do so; and he went to fill him-self with the husks; that is, the coarse, bad food which the swine did eat!



No. 36 — The Elephant.

What a fine beast this is. They call it an e-le-phant. This is a hard word for you, but I dare say you can spell and learn it. It is so strong and so wise. And if you do not treat it ill, it is kind and tame. I knew one that was so fond of a boy. And the boy did ride on its back. You will ask how he got on, such a great height up. Why, the e-le-phant took him up on his trunk, and put him on his back. The boy had no fears. It did not hurt him. But if you treat it ill, I do not know what it might not do to you. Once some boys did play some wild tricks with this fine beast; and when he had borne it as long as he could he went off. By and bye he came back with his trunk full of wa-ter, and he threw it all on the boys! They were quite wet through; but it was their own fault. They would do so no more, I think.



No. 37.—The Fire Works.

When you play, you should take care not to hurt your friend. Tom Bent and Jack Finch had leave to play with some fire works. There was no harm in this; and fire works are nice things to play with, and will not hurt you if you make a right use of them. But Jack Finch was a wild, rash lad. He did not go the right way to work, and let them off in the air. But he put the match to one of them, and then put it in Tom Bent's clothes, and there it went off and made sad work. It burnt his clothes, and what was far worse, it burnt his face and his hands, and he fell down much hurt. Jack was now full of fear that Tom would die, but he came round in a few days: and I do hope that it will teach Jack to do so no more all his life long.



No. 38.—*The Camels.*

These great beasts they call ca-mels. Though they look so great, they are quite tame, and would not hurt you. They are so high, that you will want to know how men get on their backs ; for I must tell you that in some lands they use them to ride on, just as we do the horse or the ass. The ca-mel lies down when he is told, and then the man gets on his back. They will go a long way with-out food, and with-out water. And this makes them just suit the dry burnt sands in the east, through which men have to pass, and where there is no food and often no wa-ter. Here you see them drink at a well. How glad the poor things must be when they come to a well.



No. 39.—The Camels.

Here you see more of the ca-mels. The hunch on the ca-mel's back just suits for the man to ride on.

He looks quie safe. I think you would not fear to ride there.





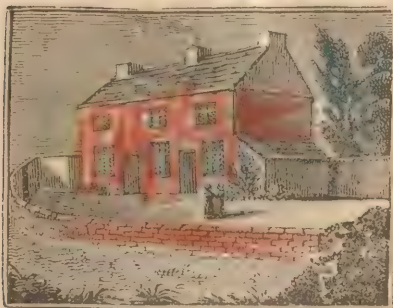
No. 40.—*The Vine.*

I am the vine, says Christ. The child who loves and serves Christ is the branch of the vine. The branch can not bear fruit, if it does not keep in the vine : no more can you bear fruit if you do not keep in Christ.

But what fruit are you, as a branch, to bear? Not the fruit of grapes to be sure, such as you see grow there. But the fruit of good works.

Are you, my child, a young branch in Christ the vine? A young branch may bear fruit, as well as an old one.

If the grace of Christ comes in-to your soul, like sap in-to the branch of the tree, you will not fail to bear fruit. Keep close to Christ. Live in Christ. Pray much to Christ for his grace, then you will bear much fruit.



No. 41.—The School.

This is a school. There is no want of schools now in our dear land. Time was when there were no schools. Then poor boys and girls had no one to care for them; no one to teach them. But it is not so now. Thank God that you live in these days, when you have kind friends to teach you, and to care for you. When you go to school, pray that God would give you a wise heart. You have much to learn. You have to learn to know your-self. You have to learn to know Jesus Christ, who came to save us from sin and from hell. You have to learn to know God's will, and how you may walk in his ways, and please him.

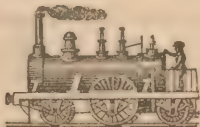
And you have much to learn a-bout that nice world, to which you wish to go when you die.

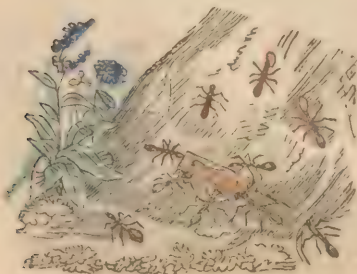


No. 42.—*The Tent.*

All men do not live in a house like the one you live in. Your house is built with stone or brick, and glass, and slate. It is built so strong, that it will stand for years and years. But in some lands they have not a house of this kind; they live in tents; such as you see here. They are made with poles, and cloth thrown on them. They can put them up and take them down, just when they like. And so they move from place to place, as they may wish. We read in God's book of those who dwelt in tents.

I think you would not like them so well as the house you live in. I am sure I should not. They must be cold, and dark, and some-times wet.



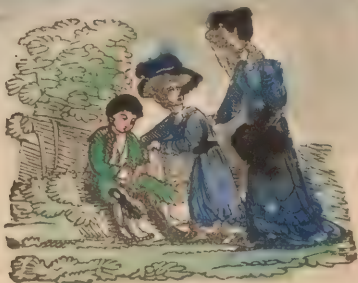


No. 43.—*The Ants.*

See those poor ants how they toil and fag at their work. I do not know what it is that they drag there to their nest; but what strength they must have to drag so large a thing. We are told in God's word "to go to the ant, and learn what we ought to do." They are al-ways at work. They do not lose their time. We should strive to be like them in this. God does not love those who lose their time. We have all much to do; and we may not have much time to do it in. Life may soon end with us. Yes, a child may die as well as an old man.

When we come to die, we shall grieve that we have lost our time. We shall wish to have it back, that we may make a good use of it.

A child may play, but it must not be all play. There is a time to work as well as a time to play.



No. 44.—*Tom Cragg.*

Poor Tom Cragg, his friends were all dead, or had gone far off. He had no home, and he did not know what to do. But he had an aunt, who did live a long way off. So he thought he would go to see if he could find her. And he thought if he could, that she would be kind to him, and help him. He did beg for food as he went on his way; and at nights, he did sleep in the hedge, as the birds do. It was cold and dark, and no one was near to take care of him; but he put his trust in God, and he was quite safe. But his shoes wore out, and his feet got sore with his long walk, and he would sit down on the side of the hedge and cry with the pain. Once two kind ladies came up. He told them all the truth, and they took out their purse, and gave him some pence to help him on, and they got him some rag for his sore feet.



No. 45.—The Storm.

What a storm ! See that flash ! Dear child, learn to trust in God. He guides the storm. It can not hurt you with-out his leave. In the house, or out of doors, his eye is on you. He sees you in the dark as well as in the light. Then trust to his care at all times. You need fear nought but sin. If you do wrong, you may well fear. Sin will be your foe in this world. Sin will send you to hell in the next. But if you love God, and serve him, you may be bold as a li-on. Then, if the storm comes, look up to God. This will keep you in peace. He tells you that he cares for you. Think of this. Trust to what he says. He will not fail you, nor leave you.



No. 46.—The Redbreast.

The snow is now on the ground. You see the roof of that house through the glass, quite white white snow. How can the birds find food, and live from day to day? I do not know how it is. Yet God feeds them. There is a ro-bin red-breast. It has found its way in-to that house. There it sits. So tame! The man could catch it, and he could kill it too; but it has no fears: and it chirps and sings, just if as there was no snow on the ground, and nought to fear.

Sweet bird! I should be like thee. My friends may be poor; they may not know how to get food. But still I should trust my God. Still I should sing his praise. Still I should live from day to day on his word. Then he will not fail me. He will keep me from harm by night and by day. He will be my friend to do me good.

O Lord, give me thy grace, that I may cast all my care on Thee.



No. 47.—Father gone.

Well, what is to do ? Why do you cry so ? Oh ! I know why. Their dad is gone far off in that ship on the sea. They love him, and they do not know what they shall do without him. They came with him from their home. He gave them both a kiss. He told them to be good and kind to their mother till he came back ; and now they take their last look at the ship ; and when it is quite out of sight, they will go home. I hope they will pray that God will keep him safe on the seas. And I hope they will do all that he bade them.

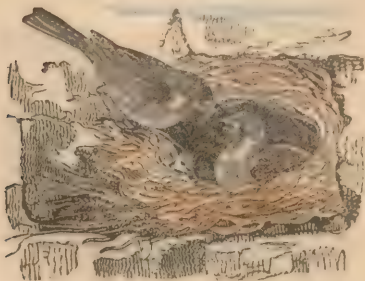
Ah ! my dear child, if you have a kind father and mother at home with you, thank God for it. They may soon be taken from you, by death, or in some other way. Then love them and please them while you have them with you. And think much of that nice world, where we shall meet to part no more.



No. 48.—*The Sheep.*

See how hard at work the men are with their sheep. The snow is on the ground, and they are full of fear that the sheep may be lost, or not get what food they want. So they do not stay at home by the fire all day. They do not mind the cold. They have just come to one poor sheep in time to save its life. It would soon have died ; but good care will save it. The men will take it home, and keep it warm, and give it good food, and then it will soon come round.

Now what this man does for the poor sheep, Christ does for us. Christ, you know, is the good Shep-herd. He takes the lambs in his breast. And the poor sheep he does not drive hard. He is so kind to those who feel the weight of their sins ; to those who feel they are sick and ill in soul. And when the storms of life would kill them, he hides them safe from harm ; and then, when they die, he takes them to hea-ven.



No. 49.—*Birds's Nest.*

These birds have made their nest. How much pains they take to make it. They had to fly with each branch in their mouth a long way. Then they twine them close and tight. Some birds get mud, and lay it smoth in-side the nest, to keep out the wet and cold. Then they get wool, and lay it in the nest. Some times a sly bird will steal a bit of wool off a sheep's back.

There you see one bird on her nest. She has laid her eggs, and now she waits till the young ones come out. She does not like to leave her nest, lest the eggs should get cold. So her mate feeds her. There he his, you see, with a worm in his beak, which he has just got for her.

I am sure when you think of all this, you will say with me, that that child must have a hard heart, that can rob a bird's nest.



No. 50.—Young Birds.

When the bird has sat her time on the eggs, the shells break, and out come the young birds. Oh ! the bird is so glad when she sees her young ones. And now she can leave her nest for a time, and go with her mate to seek food for them. When she comes back, they hear her, and then they all open their mouths as wide as they can, and she puts in the worm. And off she goes to get more worms.

How great is the care of the poor bird for her young ones. And yet she can-not keep them from all harm. If a bad lad comes to rob the nest, the poor bird can-not save them.

You are like a poor weak bird in a nest. You can-not take care of your-self; you can-not get food for yourself. You have foes that would hurt you. But God can do all for you : and he will, if you trust in him. He will keep you safe un-der his wings.



No. 51.—*Robbing the Nest.*

That boy must have a heart of stone who can rob a bird's nest. What pains the birds took to bring the sticks to build it, and the mud to line it, and the wool, and moss and hair. The wind might blow hard, but still they went on with their work. Frost and cold might lead them to fear that their eggs would spoil; but still they would go on. And the poor hen bird sat close on her nest, though the snow fell on her, and her mate high up in the tree, sang his sweet song to cheer her, and brought her worms and food. Then the young birds broke the shell; and oh! she was so glad.

But all at once her joy ends. Three bad lads came to the wood. One spies the nest. Round he turns to the o-ther two, and down they pull it and take it home!

Now the poor birds sit up in the high trees, so sad. No sweet song is heard. How can they sing, when all their dear young ones are torn from them.



No. 54.—*The Lighthouse.*

I dare say you do not know what a light-house means; but I must tell you. You know the ships at sea must sail in the dark night, as well as in the light day. Now, there are rocks on the shores, and if a ship get on a rock, it would soon be lost; the rock would break the side of the ship, and let the sea in, and then the ship would soon sink. What then is to be done, to keep the ships off the rocks in the night?

They build what they call a light-house near the rocks. It is a great height up; and as soon as night comes, they have a large light at the top, and glass round it, so that ships, when a great way off, can see it. And then they know they must keep off the part of the sea where they see the light. And in this way they are kept safe.

dead! Yes, they tried if they could bring her round, but she was quite dead.

There was good ground to hope she was fit to die; and if so, she had a short and ea-sy way to heaven. Oh! how you should pray that when death comes to you, you may be fit for it.



No. 55.—The Sweep.

Poor sweep! there he goes. It is a sad life to lead. I think you would not like to be a poor sweep boy, and to go up the chimney. I wish some-thing else could be done to sweep our chim-nies. I do not like to see the poor sweep boy go up. Some times it is too hot for them; and they get burnt. Some times it is too small, and they can scarce squeeze up. And I have known a poor sweep stick fast: and there he was left to die!



No. 56.—*The Death-bed.*

This good man's time has come for him to die. He could no more do his work. He could no more be of use to those whom he did love in this world. His strength fails him. He can-not bear to walk, or to sit up. He must now keep to his bed. But is his heart sad, and does he wish that he was well? Is that a bed of grief and tears to him? Ah! no. Jesus is with him there. Christ's peace dwells in his heart. The world dies from him; and he dies from the world; but he is glad to get near to his rest in the sky. There no bad men will hurt him; there no sin will vex him; there he will no more say, "I am sick." There God will wipe off all tears from his eyes. He calls his dear wife to read to him of all this in God's word. It is his chief joy to hear of Christ and hea-ven. And he tells his dear wife not to cry; for she will soon be with him there.



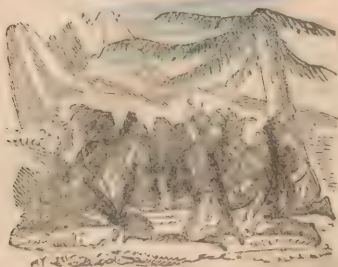
No. 57.—*The Dying Mother.*

My child, you must not think that your dear friends will not die. No, though you love them so much, and think it would break your heart to part with them : yet part with them you must.

James White had a dear mother, of whom he was so fond. But one day she said, "dear James, I feel so ill, I think I shall not live long. Do not fret. I do not like to leave you ; but I do like to go to my best friend, Christ, up in the sky. You would not wish to keep me out of that nice place, and from Him whom I love best. And when I die, do not doubt, dear James, but that Christ will be with you, and do more than I could do for you."

Now this was all right : but poor James was so sad that he knew not what to do.

And when he saw his dear mother sick and pale in bed, he knelt down to pray, that God would not let her die, but make her well.

*Blacks Praying.*

Is not this a nice sight? Once these poor blacks knew not God. They made the sun or the moon, or stocks and stones their gods. They were fierce and wild too. They did steal and kill, and when they did kill a man they would eat him up! But good men have gone to preach to them. They have told them how wrong this is, and that they will go to hell, if they do so. They have told them of Jesus who died on the cross to save both black men and white men from the wrath to come. These good men have cried to them, and said, Oh! come to Jesus, come to Jesus; he waits to bless and save you. He will change your hearts of stone, and give you hearts of flesh. He will make all clean and good. He will make you lambs of his fold.

And the poor blacks weep to hear the good news. They love the good men who tell

them of Jesus. And now they turn from their bad ways, and love and serve God. Are you not glad to hear this ?



No. 59.—Selling a Slave.

This is a sale. It is not a sale of a cow or a horse, but the sale of a poor black boy. There he stands on the tub. And that man at the desk will sell him to the man that will give most for him, poor boy ! I hope he will get a kind mas-ter, who will not beat him and starve him : and who will be kind to his soul, and teach him to read. Blacks have souls that can not die, as well as whites. You would not like to be that poor black boy, I am sure. Thank God, then, that you are born in this good land, where there are no slaves. God has been kind to you. You have friends and a home of your own, and all that you can want. I hope the time will soon come when there will be no slaves.



No. 60.—Bad News.

What is to do now? That poor man looks as if he was shot. What is to do. Oh! he may well look strange. He had just got up, and had sat down to his breakfast, when the post brought a news-paper. He read on, till at last he came to some news from sea. There had been a storm at sea. All the ships could not ride out the storm safe. One fine ship, the Hope, became a wreck, and all on board her were lost in the sea. Now this poor man had a son who had been a great grief to him. And he would have his own way, and off he ran to sea. And he was on board this ship, the Hope, which was lost.

Oh! to think of a child, and a bad child, thus cut off in his sins, and sent to the Judge of the quick and the dead. The poor father may well die of grief.



No. 61. *Balaam's Ass.*

Do you know that God did once make a dumb ass to speak. There was a bad man whose name was Ba-laam. He would do what God would not have him to do. He would go in a way that was not right. So God sent an an-gel to stop him in the way. Now the ass saw the an-gel, and she would not go on, but went in-to a field. And Ba-laam smote the ass to turn her in-to the way. At last God made the poor ass to speak; and he said to Ba-laam, "What have I done to thee that thou hast beat me these three times? Am not I thine ass, on which thou hast rode ever since I was thine, to this day? Was I ever wont to do so to thee?" And he said, Nay. Then Ba-laam saw the an-gel of the Lord stand in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand, and he bowed down his head, and he fell flat on his face.



No. 62.—*Wise men from the East.*

When Christ was born, there came wise men from the east to wor-ship him. They were led by a star which they saw in the sky, to the place where he was. They knew that he was born to save the world, and they gave him gifts, such as they had.

Now, should you not give some thing to Christ? Yes, he came to save you from hell. You owe all to Christ. I will tell you what gift he wants from you. He says, "my son, give me thine heart." Give then your heart to Christ. Pray that he would make it his. That he would create in you a clean heart; that all the thoughts of your heart may be his. Give Christ your fear: give Christ your love. Give Christ your time. Give all to him.

He gave all he had for you. He gave his own life on the cross. He died that you might live.



No. 63.—A Good Boy.

Jane King had to go from home to work. She could not take her poor boy and girl with her ; so they staid at home. But John was a good boy, and did as he was bid ; so Jane had no fears. She knew that he would take care of his sis-ter Ann. When she was hun-gry, he got some milk, and a pan, and made the milk hot, and put in some bread, and then he got a spoon and fed her.

There he is, so pleased that he has done his work so well. And if his mo-ther has to stay out late, and lit-tle Ann wants to go to bed, he hears her her pray-ers, gets her night cap, wash-es her hands and her face, and then puts her to bed.

So Poor Jane King, when she comes home from her work, finds that her dear boy has done all right as he was bid, and she can lay her head down on her bed with peace.



No. 64.—The Hare.

Will Green, in one of his nice walks, heard a noise in the grass, and soon a fine hare leapt out. Will ran to catch it, and he thought he could do so; but he could not. Puss was too swift for him, and ran safe off. There was once a man who had hares in his room. They were quite tame, and would lie by the fire with the dog or the cat. They were full of play, and would run round and round the room, just as they do in a field. Would you not like to see such a sight? How sad it is for men or boys to be cruel to the poor hare. It is only when they set them on the hare, that they hunt and kill poor puss. All beasts may be made to live in love with each o-ther. And the time will come when it will be so through all the world. When Christ reigns through all the world, the world will be full of love and peace. Yes, the wolf shall lie down with the lamb.



No. 65.—*The Shop.*

You know what a shop is. In a shop they sell all kinds of things. The clothes you wear, the food you eat comes from the shop. The man who keeps the shop gets his goods from all parts of the world. Tea comes from a far off land. So does sugar. Your coat is made of wool which grows on the sheep's back. Cheese is made of milk which the cow gives. How would you like to be a shop-boy? You must turn to some trade when you grow up. It will not do for you to be i-dle.

See that child: he is so glad: his mother gave him some pence. He was a good boy at school. And now he has gone to spend it at the shop. What do you think he will buy? Some nice thing, I am sure. And then he will go home so glad.



No. 66.—*The Poor Widow.*

We read in the Bi-ble of a poor wi-
She had no one to be kind to her; and she
was in great grief. For some bad men had
done wrong to her. So she went to the
Judge to be her friend. He had some thing
else to do, and he could not hear what she
had to say. But still she said to her-self,
that she would go once more and once more,
till she got the Judge to be her friend. Now,
he was a bad man, or I am sure he would
not have done thus to a poor sad wi-dow.
But at last he said, I want to get rid of this
wo-man, for she plagues me, she comes so
often. I had best give her what she wants,
and then she will go a-way. And he did so.

Now learn from this, that if a bad Judge
will give a poor wi-dow what she wants be-
cause she plagues him, how much more will
our good and kind God give us what we
want, if we do but pray much to him and
not faint?



No. 67. The Necklace.

There is a school. Jane Dent had just come to it. She did not know the rules of the school, so she came in a fine necklace. So the la-dy spoke to her, and told her that she did not like her chil-dren to wear such things. Jane did not cry and look sour as some would do; but she took the neck-lace off, and went up with it to the lady.

I think the la-dy was quite right, and I shall tell you why. In the first place, a love of fine clothes will grow more and more: and a poor child, if she can-not get what she wants, may be led to pick and steal to get fine clothes.

In the next place, when you call to mind how soon this vile bo-dy will die, and be the food of worms, I think you will not wish to deck it out with a neck lace, or ear rings, or fine clothes.



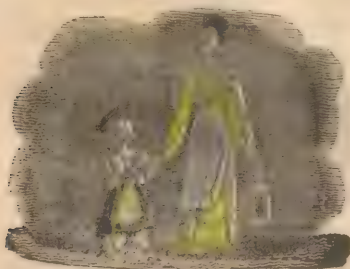
No. 68.—Rich Man and Beggar.

We read in the Bi-ble of a rich man and a poor man. The rich man did not love God. He had all he could wish for in this world, but he had not God's love, for he did not love God, or fear him. So he had no hope for the next world. It came to pass that he died. And his poor soul went to hell. Oh! what could all his wealth, and all the world do for him there?

Now you shall hear of the poor man. He was sick as well as poor. He had sores on his legs, and could scarce ly walk. And the dogs would come and lick his sores. He laid at the rich man's gate, and no man gave him food to eat. It came to pass that he died. And oh! what a change! He was a child of God: he was a good man: so when he died, an-gels came and took him to hea-ven.

Now learn from this, that you need not

care what your lot is in this life, if you can but get to hea-ven when you die.



No. 69.—*The Dark Night.*

Lit-tle Tom had been a good boy. So his mo-ther gave him a great treat. She let him go to a friend's house to drink tea, and play with James and Charles Bright. At last it got dark, and he did not know how he should get home. But his dear mo-ther did not for-get him. So she sent his nurse to take him. "But how shall we find our way in the dark," said Tom? "Oh, we shall go quite well, my dear," said the nurse. "I have got a can-dle in a lan-tern." So off they set. And lit-tle Tom found no-thing in the dark to hurt him and make him fear. It was so nice to see the bright stars, and so nice to have a lan-tern: and then he thought that his God was with him by night as well as by day: so that I think he lik-ed his dark walk as much as his tea and nice play.



No. 70.—Birth of Christ.

You know when Christ was born, there was no room for him in the inn where his pa-rents were. But he was born in the stable of the inn. Now we should learn from this not to think much of a fine house, and grand things. We may well like a low lot in life, when Christ, the Son of God, choose to be born in-to the world in a sta-ble. And you know when he grew up, he had not where to lay his head. And some-times he had no food to eat. "Fox-es have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

Now when Christ was born, there were some men in the field who kept watch with their sheep by night. And lo, the an-gel of the Lord came to them, and they were full of fear. But the an-gel said, "Fear not, for I bring you good news; to you is born this day a Sa-vi-our, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign to you; Ye shall find the babe in the sta-ble. How glad they were when they found Jesus.



No. 71.—*Jane Kirk*

Poor Jane had lost her best friend in this world. She was left with one child, whose name was Ann; and her whole care was to bring up Ann in the fear of the Lord. So she taught her to read, as well as to sew and to knit. And when night came, they both knelt down, to thank God for his care of them through the day, and to pray that he would still take care of them through the night. When morn came, they knelt down once more. And so their days were spent. God did not fail to bless them and do them good; and they did not fail to thank him, and to seek his care and love.

And Ann grew up to be a good child, and to do all that she was bid. She made her dear mo-ther's heart to sing for joy.



No. 72.—The Blind Man.

Poor blind man! He has no eyes to see the bright sun, or the sweet flowers. No eyes to see his dear friends. All is quite dark with him by day, as well as by night. He can not work to get food, so he must beg. And there he goes with his dog tied to a string to lead him. I do not see that the dog can be of much use, but he likes to have it.

Now he comes up to James Spence and his father as they take their walk. James had a kind heart, and he felt for the poor blind man. Now he had got some pence which he meant to spend at the shop for him-self; but he thought in his heart, God has been kind to me: I have eyes to see, and friends to take care of me; and this poor blind man has none. So he shall have my pence.



No. 73.—*The Ice.*

You know that there are four parts, or sea-sons, in the year: spring, sum-mer, au-tumn, and win-ter. It is nice to see the flow-ers grow in spring, and the fruit in the sum-mer, and even cold win-ter has its charms. You then know what it is to have a nice warm fire, and a snug house by day, and a bed by night. And then what fine fun there is out of doors. When the ice is hard and safe, we see some boys skait on the ice, and some slide: and though they get a fall now and then, it is nice fun, and keeps them so warm. How would you like to live in a place where, all the year round, there is lit-tle else but frost and snow? That, you think, would be too much of a good thing; and yet they who live there do not mind it: and are just as hap-py as you are in your own dear land.



No. 74.—Noise in the dark.

Some boys and girls are apt to give way to fear in the dark. It is wrong to do so. I am sure that boys and girls who think of God, and put their trust in him will not fear in the dark. For is not God with us by night as well as by day? The night is not dark to him. He sees the same at all times. And what can come to you without his leave? Some boys and girls, when they go to bed, if they hear the least noise, will put their head in the clothes, and fear to move. But this is wrong. Why should you give way to fear? It may be a mouse in the wall that makes the noise; or it may be the wind. Once a young man heard such a queer noise all the night through, that he did not know what to make of it. But he lay quite still till it was light, and then he

found it was the cat. Poor puss leapt on the bed, and was quite glad to see him.

My child, it is a good rule to fear nought but sin.



No. 75.—*The Bear and Cubs.*

There is a bear and its two young ones. They call them cubs. Though the bear is so rough and seems so fierce, yet it has a strong love for its cubs, and takes great care of them. God gives the brute beasts, yes, the most fierce of them, this love. If it was not so, how could they get on? They would soon die.

You know we read of bears in God's word. The wise man says, "let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly."

The wise man seems to think, that a fool would do one more harm than a bear. And so it is. A bear could but hurt the body; a fool-ish, bad man can hurt the soul.



O. JEWITT & C.

No. 76.—Dame Black.

Dame Black took in to nurse poor children who had no friends. She was well paid to do this, and she ought to have been a kind friend and mother to these poor little dears who had no one else to care for them. But Dame Black had a hard, bad heart. She was so cross to them, that they could not bear to see her. If she came near them, their poor hearts did beat with fright, and they did all they could to get out of her sight. 'Though they had done nothing wrong, she would take the birch rod, and whip them till they fell down as if they were dead. There she is at her cruel work. How can you be so cruel?

Nor did she give them good food to eat: and it was thought that one poor child died for want of food.

So Dame Black was found out in her bad ways. And they took her to gaol, and there

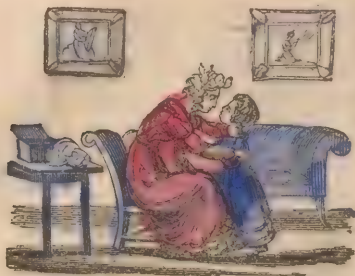
she was for a long time, that she might think of all her sins, and do so no more.

Oh! thank God, my child, if you have kind, good friends.



No. 77.—*Slaves.*

Poor slaves! How I feel for you! I thank God that I was not born a poor black slave. See how they drive them on with whips. That poor boy! I wish I could get hold of him and take care of him. How kind I would be to him. There they go to the sea shore, and then they will put them in the ship, and take them off to work hard. Some will die in the ship of grief, and some will be so sick that they will die. But no one will care for them. But how glad we should be that our good king will not let us have more slaves. No, there will now be no more made slaves. Is not this nice? And those who have been slaves are now made free. I am sure we should thank God for this.



No. 78.—The Fault.

If you have done wrong, it is best to tell it at once. You know the hymn says:

“For he that does one fault at first,
And lies, to hide it, makes it two.”

Jane Burn was a good child; but one day she got hold of a glass which she knew she ought not to touch, and down it fell. Now she might have said no-thing, or she might have told a lie to hide it, but what good would that have done? for she would have known no peace of mind. All would be sad in her heart. So she thought it best to go at once to her dear mo-ther. She burst in-to tears; threw her arms round her neck, and told her all. Jane’s mo-ther said to her, Well, my dear, I hope you will mind, to do, as I bid you in times to come; but cheer up: I am glad you have told the truth. Give me a kiss, and think no more about it.”



No. 79 — The Black Men.

Now the poor blacks learn to read. They knew not the true God, or Christ, till good men went to teach them. Now they love to hear of good things, and to read of Christ as the way, the truth, and the life. They sit on the ground in the shade of the trees, and are so glad to have God's word to read. Are you not glad to give pence to send good men to teach these poor blacks ? I am sure you ought to be so : for how kind God has been to you. He gave you all your good friends. You have long had a Church to go to. You have been taught to read as soon as you could speak. How sad it will be if the poor blacks get to heaven, and you should be shut out. Pray, my dear, that you may give heed to the things which make for your peace.



No. 80.—*Dame Spence.*

Old Dame Spence had long kept a school, and done much good in the place where she lived. The boys and girls were all fond of her, she was so kind to them; though she made them do as she bid them; and took great pains to bring them on with their books.

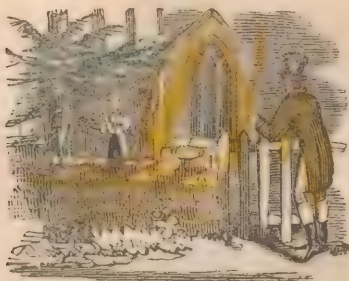
Now, if the old dame took a walk, and met a boy or a girl they would not run off, as if she would hurt them, but they were quite glad to see her.

One fine hot day, when the good old dame had done school, and got her tea, she put on her cloak, and off she set to see poor Ann Long, who was in bed ill. Now as she went on the road, Charles and Ruth White spied her. They had leave to get some fruit for them-selves; but when they spied Dame Spence, they went through the gate and took her all the fruit they had got. They were more glad to give it to her than to eat it them-selves.

*No. 81.—The Cat.*

One day as that good man was hard at work with his books, he heard a noise in his book shelves. He could not think what it was. At last he got up to see; and there, at the back of the books, he found poor puss had made her nest, and had four young ones. You may think he did not quite like it; but he could not be cross with his cat, for she knew no bet-ter. He brought one of the young ones out, and the cat was in such a fuss, lest he should hurt it and take it off. And when he put it on the ground, she took it in her mouth, and went off with it to her nest, where she had leave to stay till her young ones could do for them-selves.





No. 82.—The Church Yard.

Ann Crump was one of ten. They had but a small house to live in, and there was so much noise, that she could not read or learn her tasks as she could wish. Now, the Church yard was close by: so when she had done her work, she took her books, and went and sat on a grave stone. Then she read, and got her tasks for her school. She thought it a good place to do this. The graves all round her brought to mind that she must die; and as she saw small graves as well as great ones, she could not but think that she might die while she was young.

Then there were the graves of her own dear friends. And she thought of them till tears came in-to her eyes, and she said to her-self, I will take pains to know God's will and to do it, that when I die, I may join those who now live in the sky.



No. 83.—*The Sun-flower.*

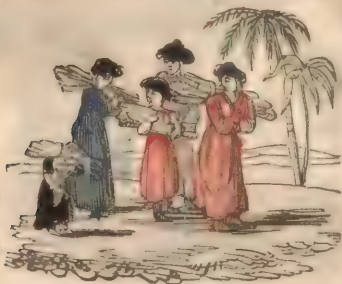
This is a sun-flower. They say it always turns to the sun. And if it is true that it does so, I think it shews you what you should strive to do. And what do you think that is? Why, turn to Him who is your Sun; I mean Jesus. He is your Sun, for he can shine in-to your heart, and teach you by his Spirit. He is your Sun, for he can cheer and make you glad. He is your Sun, for he can make you to bear much fruit of grace. Then turn to Je-sus with your whole heart. He tells you to look to him. When you pray, you turn to Je-sus. When you read God's word, you turn to Je-sus. When you think of good things, you turn to Je-sus.



No. 84.—Bad Boy.

Will Smith has been a bad boy, and he must feel the cane. It is hard work for you to think it kind in your friends to whip you, but if you grow up to be a man, I am sure you will think so. God's book says, he that spares the rod, hates his son.

If you had your own way, you would go from bad to worse. Your friends know what is best for you. But see that good boy, John Brown. He does not like to see Will hurt, though he knows he has been a bad lad. So he goes and begs that he may be spared this once. Boys should feel for each o-ther. If one is in grief, the o-ther should feel grief too. I dare say the good man will do what John Brown asks for. He will, I know, please him if he can.



No. 85.—*The Sticks.*

There they go with their load of sticks. There was a kind man who had cut down a large wood ; and he told the poor folks near his house, that they might go and take home the sticks for their fires. So off they went, old and young, quite glad to have such a nice help. The lit-tle girls were quite glad to be of use. I hope you, my child, like to be of use. Your mo-ther has done much for you, and you should be glad to do what you can for her.

Now think what you can do. It may be that you can get her some sticks in the lane for her fire. Or, she may want some wa-ter from the well ; or she may want you to go to the shop. Let your dear mo-ther see that you like to do what you can to help her.



No. 86.—James Hope.

James Hope was a poor man, but he was a good man, and he was as hap-py as the day was long. He had a nice small house, which was kept neat and clean, and there he and his wife, and his boy, and girl spent their time in the fear and love of God. One cold dark night, when they had done their work, and had sat down by the fire, they heard a tap at the door. 'The snow fell, the wind blew, and they could not think who could come at such an hour. "Who is there?" said James Hope. "A poor man who has lost his way in the snow," said a low voice. "I am on my way home, and I thought I must lie down and die in the snow; but I saw a light, and I came to it, and here I am. Oh! will you let me sit by the fire till day breaks?" "That I will," said James. So he took the poor man in; got him some hot milk, and did what he could for him.

They who love God will love all men too,
and will be glad to do a kind turn for those
who need it.



No. 87.—The Good Boy.

There is a good boy who loves his book.
And he does not read on, and not think what
is meant by what he reads. If he comes to
a hard part which he can not make out, he
stops, and says, "and please, what does this
mean?" This is the way to grow wise.
You must think of what you read. And do
not pass a hard part, till you quite know
what it means.

Now is the time to learn. By and bye,
you may not have kind friends to teach you.
And how you should thank God for your
kind friends. It is he who gives them to you.
Take heed to what they say unto you. They
know best what is good for you. And they
do all for your good.



No. 88.—Heathen Gods.

God's Word tells us of those who make to them-selves gods of wood and stone. And so it has been in the days that are past, and so it is now. You may well think it strange that men can trust in gods of wood and stone. They have no life; they have no strength; they can give no help. And yet the poor hea-then look to them with awe and fear. You have here two of the gods that they serve. You may well take fright at them. I am sure you can not make them your gods. It is your lot to know the one true God, and Je-sus Christ whom he has sent. Our God, you know, is not like a man, nor is he like these strange things. Our God is a Spi-rit; and though we can not see him, yet he sees and knows all things, and he can do all things.

No. 93.—*Black Boys.*

I think you will love to help to send good men to teach poor blacks when you hear of their sad state. In one place, they let their boys kill each o-ther ! Oh ! how you should thank God, that you were not born in such a place !

There you see the poor boy tied to a tree. His bro-ther comes with a knife, and stabs him to the heart. The fa-ther does not keep him back, but gives him leave to do it. But they will not do such things when they hear of God, and of Christ, of hea-ven, and of hell. The grace of God makes their hard hearts soft, and fills them with love. And where there is love in the heart, no one can do such things. Let us all pray that all may know Christ through the whole world.



No. 94.—*James Finch.*

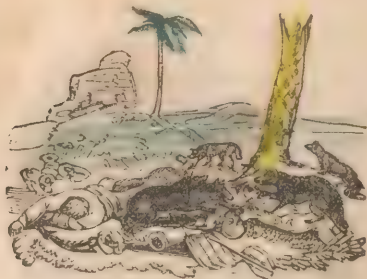
James Finch had long been ill, and was now near his end. He had two boys and a girl who were most dear to him ; and it was near his heart, that when he was gone, they should live in love and go on well. So one day he told them to come close to his bed side, and he thus spake to them : “ My dears, I shall soon die. I shall go to Christ, whom I love, and I do not fear to die, but I long for your good. Now, be sure that it will be for your good to live in love. Now, bring me here a bundle of sticks. Take one stick by it-self. You can break it at once you see. But put all the sticks close in one heap. Can you break them now ? No. So if you split, and if strife and wrath get be-tween you, I do not know what harm may come to you. But if you all keep close in love, then you will be strong to keep off all that would hurt you.” Thus he spake, and then died.



No. 95.—Ann Wilks.

Ann Wilks had two good girls whose names were Jane and Rose. They did all they could to please her and help her. So Ann was glad when she could give them a treat. One day Ann went to the town to buy some things. She told the girls she would bring them something nice back with her. "Thank you, dear mother," (they both cried;) "it is kind of you to do so." So when Ann Wilks came home, they went up to her basket to see what she had got. And what do you think it was? A nice new frock for Jane, and a nice new shawl for Rose.

When a child is good, it makes a mother quite glad to please her.

No. 96.—*War.*

What a sad thing war is. One land goes to war with a land far off. So they send forth their men to fight. One wins the day ; but oh ! at what a dear rate it is won ! What a waste of life ! How ma-ny men are left dead on the field of war ! There you see them lie. And then come the wild dogs and birds of prey, and feed on them. And oh ! what tears and grief at home. How ma-ny boys and girls have lost their dear fa-thers ! I hope the time will soon come when men will learn war no more ; when all shall live in love and peace. We should pray for this.





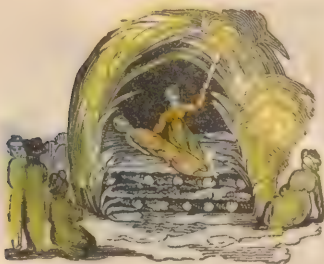
No. 97.—Jack Smith.

Jack Smith was once a bad boy. He had been told not to get on a horse which his father had. But he did not care. He would have his own way, and he thought he saw no harm in it. So one day, when his father was gone from home, he went and got the horse, and rode off. Now, the horse was full of life, and Jack did not know what to do with the reins, and it soon set off as fast as it could. Jack now saw his fault, but it was too late. He could not hold the horse in, and off he fell on his back. There he lay for a long time, as no one was near; and when some men came to the spot, they found poor Jack Smith dead. So they took him home to his poor father. But oh! to think what it is to die in such an act. Where do you think that boys who do not do as they are bid must go when they die?



No. 98.—Ann Sharp.

Ann Sharp was a good girl, and tried to do all the good she could. Her mother told her one day to read a nice book to the rest of the young ones. They were all glad of it, but James; and he took the sulks, when they told him to sit down, and hear what was read. And what did the bad boy do, but stop his ears! There you see him. What a goose he looks. Ah! you do not know how long you may have ears to hear with, or eyes to see with; and I think you should be glad to make a good use of them while you can. It is a wise plan to get all the good that lies in your way. Be glad if there are those who will take pains to help you and to teach you. The day may come, when you may wish that you had learnt more while you were young.



No. 99.—The Heathen.

In some lands where they know not God, when a man dies, his wife is burnt on a pile of wood. She will not live more in this world, as her best friend is gone from her. And if she has a son, her son is made to put her on the wood and set fire to it. Sometimes she does not wish to be burnt. But they who stand round, will not let her flee, and they will have her to die.

What hard hearts they must have. One would think that when a man dies, his wife has more to do for the good of his poor children, than when he lives. But what strange thoughts they have, and what strange things they do, where God and Christ are not known.

Oh! pray for these poor folks. And do all you can to send good men to teach them the good and the right way.



No. 100.—The Dark.

There is a set of wise boys and girls. They do not fear the dark. It is a dark, fine night, and they wish to look at the stars. Why should you fear the dark? Is not God with you by night as well as by day? And what is there to hurt you? I am sure I do not know what there is. This I know, that the child who loves and fears God has nought to fear. In the night, as well as through the day, you should pray to God to keep you. And you should try to keep in mind that he is near you at all times to help you and to do you good.





No. 101.—*Jem Burn.*

Jem Burn was a poor Scotch boy, and his work was to watch the sheep on the hills. He had been well brought up, and had learnt to read at the school. And what is best of all, he had learnt, by God's grace, to love his Bi-ble. So when he left the house, and went to his flock, he took his Bi-ble with him, for he had much spare time, and could of-ten sit down and read. He thought it nice to be so much by him-self, where none but God saw him; and much did he love to pray to God, and to look to Christ for his grace. And when the day was fine, his sis-ter Ruth, when she had done her work in the house, would go out to Jem, and sew and mend clothes while he read to her out of his Bi-ble. You may be sure that Jem and Ruth loved each o-ther much.



No. 102.—*The Lie.*

There is no sin which God hates more than a lie. He has told us in his word, that they who tell lies must go to hell. And we have in his word a sad tale of a man and his wife who told a lie, and were struck dead. There is the poor wife. She told the same lie that he, poor man, did, and down she fell dead on the floor. Through the door you see the men take the poor man dead on their backs, to put him in his grave.

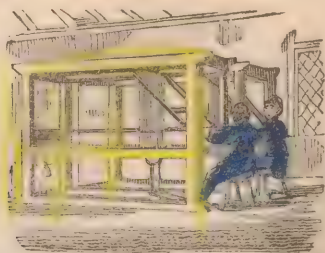
My child, mind your words, that you speak the truth. You can not hide the truth from God, though you may, for a time, from men. Oh ! how sad it would be if you should go to hell when you die. You would not wish to go there, I am sure.



No. 103.—*The Snakes.*

The black men have caught a snake. See what a long one it is. They have put it to death, and then they hoist it up with a rope on a high tree. A black man has climb-ed up the snake, just as you see men climb up a tree, and there he is with a knife in his hand. He would not dare to do so if the snake was not dead. But now it can-not hurt him. I think we may well be glad that we live in a land where there are no such large snakes as this. They would put a child like you in-to their mouth at once.





No. 104.—*The Weavers.*

'That is the way they weave cloth. You know the wool grows on the sheep's back. When it is cut off and spun in-to yarn, it is wove in-to cloth, and this is the way you come to have a coat. You will smile when I tell you that the wool which first keeps the sheep's back warm, next comes to keep your back warm.

In the same way they weave the cloth of which your shirts are made. But it is not made of wool. It is made of flax, which is a plant that grows. And some shirts are made of cotton, which is a plant that grows.

How much God has done for our good in this world. I am sure we see on all sides good cause why we should love and serve Him.



No. 105.—The Eagles.

Two ea-gles had built their nest high up in the rocks. They thought no one could come near them there; and that their young would be quite safe.

But a bold lad got up the rocks, when the old birds had gone for food, and took the young twoones off. Soon the old birds came back, and found their young ones gone. So they flew to the boy. But they did not get to him, till he was just in the house. I think they would have pulled his eyes out.





No. 106.—The poor Heathen.

I tell you much of those who dwell in far lands, and know not God, for I wish you to feel much for them, and to do what you can to help them. See that poor old man. When an old man has long been ill, they think it best to put him out of the way, and get rid of him. So they take him out of his bed, and put him by the side of a river. Sometimes they kill him, as you see them do here. And some-times they leave him to die by him-self. His own friends, yes, his own chil-dren, will do this.

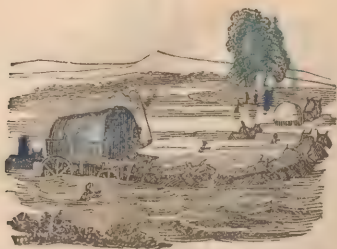
Oh! how good is God to us, that we are born in a land where they do not do such things. We are taught to do what we can for the old, and for the sick. And we may well do so, when we think that we may soon be old and sick our-selves; and then we shall wish our friends to be kind to us.



No. 107.—*The Butterfly.*

Poor but-ter-fly! How gay she spreads her wings, and hops from flow-er to flow-er: but she lives for a short day. So I may now be young and stout, and my cheeks red with health. I may now be full of life, and skip a-long as if nought could hurt me: but soon my cheeks may grow pale, and my strength fail me. Soon I may be thrown on a sick bed, when all the world fails to help me.

O Lord, grant that I may make a good use of the few short days I have to live in this world. And when I come to die, grant that I may die in hope to rise to that blest world, where I shall die no more, but be as the angels of God. O Lord, hear my cry, and bless me, though I am but a poor lit-tle child, for Je-sus Christ's sake. Amen.



No. 108.—No Bridge.

In some lands, they do not know what a bridge is. They have wide rivers to cross, but they have no bridge. There you see a large cart drawn by ox-en, and men on horse back, and they all get through as well as they can. We should think it strange work if we had not a bridge to cross the river. I do not know how they would do, if the river was deep. We do not think as we ought how much we have to thank God for in our own dear land.





No. 109.—*Christ and the Children.*

I need not tell you what this means. You all have read of Christ when he took the little Children in his arms.

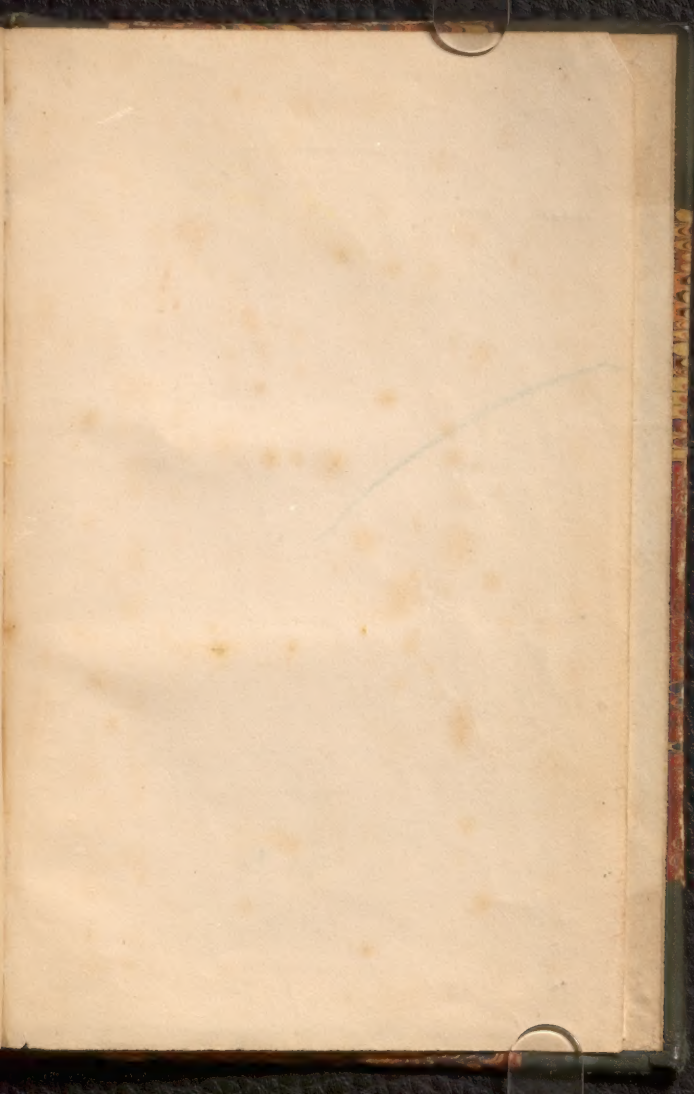
Now, shall I tell you why he did this? He did it that he might shew to all the little children to the end of time how he loves them, how he would fain bless them and do them good. Oh! will not you go to him, then, and make him your friend? To go to him is to pray to him. He waits to bless you. Make haste to him, then. Seek him, and you shall find him.



No. 110.—The good Shepherd.

There is the shep-herd with his sheep. A good man has gone up to him to talk with him. I think I know what he will say. He will tell him of Christ, who is the good shep-herd; who loves his sheep and his lambs; who laid down his life for the sheep. Are you a lamb of Christ's fold? Oh! pray that you may be so. If the Lord is your shep-herd you cannot want.





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